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1943-06-28, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1943-06-28, Jack to Evabel

Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; Elyria, OH; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; training; women at home; marriage; barracks; romance; wife; husband; soldier slang; radio; education; inspection; recreation and entertainment; rest;

Identifier

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Pvt. J. P. Bell
78th. Sig. Co. A. P. O. 78
Camp Butler, N. C.



Free



Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio

June 28, 1943

Dearest darling,

This will be a real short letter, sweetie as Jim tried as the dickens. It's ten o'clock, and I just got thru' work. This army sure is a big joke. Sit in a class for three months learning something about radio, and for the past week my buddies and I have done everything, but radio work. Twelfth corp inspection starts tomorrow that's the reason for all this clean up stuff.

When I got back ~~to~~ camp last nite there was a letter from you, and then today I got two. So you're a lucky kid at winning prizes huh baby? You and I always were pretty lucky on stuff like that. Remember when we used to go up to the British Empire Club? I don't believe we ever walked out of there without some kind of a prize.

I don't know whether I'll be able to make some records this week or not, but I'll do it as soon as I get a chance. Is there any thing in particular you'd like me to whistle, darling? Just name it.

I've had two or three letters from Bill since I wrote him last so I hope I'll have some time soon to write him one. I just wrote one letter over the weekend. That was the one I wrote you last nite. I went in for the three R's in a big way over the weekend. (Rest, repose and relaxation.)

Please excuse this terrible letter, darling, but I just can't think straight. All my love and lots of kisses to my darling wife,

Your own,
Jack

[[Bell Correspondence #30]]

[[Page 1-Envelope]]

Free

Pvt. J. P. Bell
78th. Sig. Co. A.P.O. 78
Camp Butner, N. C.

[[image- black stamp: CAMP BUTNER N. C.
JUNE 29 1 PM 1943]]

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio

[[Page 2-Letter]]

June 28, 1943

Dearest darling,

This will be a real short letter, sweetie as I'm tired as the dickens. It's ten o'clock, and I just got thru' work. This army sure is a big joke. Sit in a class for three months learning something about radio, and for the past week my buddies and I have done everything, but radio work. Twelfth corp inspection starts tomorrow that's the reason for all this clean up stuff.

When I got back to camp last nite there was a letter from you, and then today I got two. So you're a lucky kid at winning prizes, huh? You and I allways were pretty lucky on stuff like that. Remember when we used to go up to the British Empire Club? I don't believe we ever walked out of there without some kind of prize.

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Your Own,

[[underline]] Jack [[/underline]]